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LESSONS OF THE "L" ACCIDENT.

The serious accident on the Ninth avenue "L" will direct public attention to various questions concerning the elevated railways.

Do they furnish a satisfactory form of transit for the city under the present conditions of higher speed?

An accident of this nature is well nigh impossible on the easier curves of the Subway. And there the danger which is ever present on the elevated, that in the event of derailment the train may be dashed to the street, is lacking.

The accident serves, indeed, to call attention anew to the greater general safety of the underground lines. As they are not exposed to weather influences they are not subject to the risks involved in an ice-covered third rail. The liability to rear-end collisions due to slippery rails is absent. In spite of apprehensions which transit under shut-in conditions may arouse in the Subway passenger, his percentage of safety is higher than that enjoyed by the "L" passenger.

The elevated lines were constructed to meet transit demands far less urgent than those which now confront the Interborough management. In their original form they were designed to transport relatively small trainloads in light cars with "pony" engines at a low rate of speed. They have been strengthened to satisfy later requirements and in some places rebuilt.

But it has not always been feasible to change the radius of curves which were intended for a slower traffic and in which any element of danger must lurk. A careless motorman or a defective motor is a possibility of risk always to be reckoned with at a curve. The "L's" freedom from disaster in the past is no guarantee of immunity for the future, as yesterday's accident too plainly shows.

To considerations of unsightliness and of noise that of security as nearly absolute as is procurable must be added toward establishing the proposition that under no condition can there be any new elevated structure to disfigure the city, and that when the system of underground communication has been adequately developed the question of abolishing the overhead lines will be seriously entertained.

From the present outlook that date is remote. With the original Subway almost a year in operation, no other public line is under way. Although bids for new lines will be received by the Rapid Transit Commission this month, it is unlikely that any contract can be let before next spring.

Thus with nineteen subways planned, only that under the North River at Christopher street, an outside enterprise, has progressed to a point where an approximate date can be set for its opening. The north and south lines, the really vital lines of relief, are indefinitely promised for five years hence.

As threatening yet further delay legal obstacles growing out of the questioned constitutionality of the law conferring on the Board of Estimate the power to grant franchises will be interposed. The protraction of work on the original Subway, which has not yet reached Fort George on the north or Brooklyn to the south, does not tend to make the outlook any more hopeful.

The chances on the contrary seem good for the endurance by the city for years to come of transit discomforts by comparison with which those which the first subway was vainly expected to relieve were insignificant.

Letters from the People.

A Discouraged Brooklynite.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Though the bridge service of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit has improved, there is scarcely a morning that I reach New York without a delay of one kind or another that prevents my reaching my office on time. There is a block every morning at some portion of the route, and I am so discouraged at the state of affairs that I have decided to move to Manhattan.

Japan's Victory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think the Japs are quite right in grumbling over the peace terms. This is the second time they have looked a nation many times their size and been despoiled of the fruits of victory. Rus-

sia would soon have been as badly whipped as was China, and it is not fair that Japan should have been compelled to accept such moderate terms.

F. PIERCE.
Give Voters a Chance to Nominate.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Permit me to express my pleasure for your approval of District-Attorney Jerome's course in seeking a renomination direct from the people.

Our election laws ought to be amended so that every voter as he registers should also be permitted to vote for the nomination of candidates for their respective parties and that would put an end to boss rule forever.
This would give every man a chance for office and would also act as a check to dishonest officials when seeking renomination.
G. HEARN.

The Fruits of Peace.

By J. Campbell Cory.



How Witnesses Err

By Prof. Cesare Lombroso

A PART from the frequency of the pathological lie (he is told by those who are inclined to falsehood without reason) it is necessary to remember that many have been led into error through inaccurate observation. Prof. Lombroso, the famous expert on crime is quoted as saying, by the Chicago News. It is a well-known fact that a square divided horizontally appears greater in breadth than in height, but when divided vertically it appears greater in height than in breadth. Similarly, a man dressed in black seems smaller and thinner than when clad in white. We know, too, that when objects suddenly loom upon us on a dark night we see them magnified extraordinarily. The causes of psychological error are numerous. Fear and sorrow intercept sensations and falsify them. An ordinarily courageous man, unnerved in a railway smash, declared that he had seen a hundred bodies wedged between the carriages. As a matter of fact, there was only one. On the same occasion another man ran away, imagining that he could hear the derailing engine behind him for three-quarters of an hour. A criminal named Gusio threw himself upon his warder and the warder took to his heels in the belief that he saw a knife in the prisoner's hand; in reality it was a fish.

The image of a moving object is the sum total of a series of images of partial movement. Some of these images are perceived only by one set of persons; others by another set. Grassi records in his "Criminal Psychology" how, assisting at an execution where the hangman wore gloves, he asked four others present of what color the gloves were. One said they were white, another deposed they were black, a third was sure they were gray, while the fourth swore that the hangman wore no gloves at all. In a game of dominoes the player does not count the spots one by one, but, having before his eyes a focused image, decides that there are seven or nine, as the case may be. But, supposing these images did not conform to a type, the player would be obliged to ascertain carefully each time before making his total, and he would still be liable to make mistakes. Something like this happens in all our perceptions.
Prof. Lutz, who has applied to jurisprudence so many of the conclusions

reached by criminal anthropology, one day had a homicide with dagger thrusts enacted unexpectedly in school by two students. Immediately after he assembled all his pupils who had witnessed this sham tragedy and made them give evidence as if in court. Of sixty eye-witnesses of the same age, and all of them well educated, scarcely ten gave really accurate evidence. All the rest fell into more or less errors of detail. More recently Weber related his experience with the members of the Society of Legal Psychology at Göttingen. Weber requested from each of them a written statement of a sham crime perpetrated under their very eyes. Over half their number gave incorrect information, while many of them gave imaginary details and agreed about the affair only on general lines.

Where the Earth Was Weighed.

COMMONPLACE in appearance is Cavendish House, standing on the south side of Chatham Common, London, but within its walls one of the most remarkable feats of science was accomplished. It was there that Henry Cavendish, son of Lord Charles Cavendish and grandson of the second Duke of Devonshire, first weighed the world. This was in 1798, and the figures he obtained there were wonderfully close to those now generally accepted. He estimated the weight of the earth to be 5.97 times that of a globe of water of the same size—the accepted figure now is 5.97.

Mashers Here and Everywhere.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



"I SEE," said a New York man, "that the City Council of Houston, Tex., has passed a law making it a misdemeanor for any male person to make goo-goo eyes at or whistle or cough at or do anything else to attract the attention of women. What horribly crude methods of making love they must have down there!"

"You think so?" queried the girl to whom he spoke. "Those methods sound pretty familiar to me. They flourish right here in New York, and it would be a good thing if our City Fathers would follow the example of the Houston Council and make street 'mashing' a misdemeanor."

"On my way home from the cars I have to pass an automobile garage in the basement of a large apartment-house. I have discovered that no girl can go by there without a series of loud, unnatural coughs attracting her attention and a large-sized leer waiting at each of the windows if she happens to look down in the direction of the couch."

"Coming to my office in the morning," she continued, "I receive on an average of three unmistakable winks from street railway switchmen, for I always sit on the front platform to practise my deep breathing exercises, and am therefore the most convenient recipient of these attentions when the car stops to allow them to do their work. In the 'elevated' there are actually mashers who have nerve enough to keep their seats and cough from behind their papers to attract the attention of a girl swinging to straps in front of them."

"Of course, a man doesn't know a 'masher's' cough from any other kind. But I'll tell you this: If all the men who cough to attract the attention of women really had something the matter with their throats or lungs, Colorado Springs wouldn't be in it with a New York City block."

The New York man who had hazarded the remark about Houston's crude methods of love making looked dazed, particularly when two other young women immediately confirmed this testimonial to the New York masher's superior crudeness.

There is not the slightest doubt that they are right. In all the catalogued practices of the Houston masher set down in the City Council's ukase his New York prototype is so much his master as to make him look like thirty cents, Mexican.

The masher is certainly the most noxious toadstool of what has been termed our mushroom civilization. And we may be sure he flourishes better in New York City than in rank and semi-tropical Texas soil.

Aero-Aquatic Navigation.



THE newest summer water sport, practised at several of the Northern lakes and at the seashore, is to attach a captive balloon to the bow of a row-boat and to let the balloon tow the boat at high speed before the wind. A steering oar and careful ballast keep the craft from upsetting, and the balloon can be deflated by means of a valve-string connecting with the boat.

Plain "Mister" Out of Fashion.

AN American Journalist, returning after an absence of some years abroad, comments upon the profuse application of titles which is becoming frequent in this country, says the Boston Herald. The practice is essentially a modern one. Daniel Webster in his lifetime was never spoken of as "Senator" Webster, but always as plain "Mr." Webster. Nowadays, however, it is invariably "Senator" this and that; and almost everybody has some kind of a handle to his name. Thus we have "Forecaster" Jones, "Undertaker" Smith, "Conductor" Robinson, "Superintendent of the Poor House" Brown, "Counsellor-at-Law" Shanks and "Sectarian" Burns, and so on. If this kind of thing keeps on, we shall end by resuming our claims to respect and consideration upon those painfully minute social distinctions which prevail in Germany, where men or women inscribe their names in hotel registers with the addition of such descriptive phrases as "cousin to an apothecary" or "brother-in-law to a corporal."

AYESHA: THE FURTHER HISTORY OF She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Leo Vinney and Horace Holly, two Englishmen, start for an unknown country beyond Turkestan in search of a wonderful and supposedly immortal woman known as "She" or "Ayesha." In "Ayesha" they find a woman in Africa, whose age had been 2,000 years old and who had loved Leo in a former incarnation. She had been buried beneath the snows of a mountain, and she still lives and is waiting for him in the land across the sea. Leo and Holly journey thither on an arduous expedition, and they are captured and threatened to enslave them.

In front of us the mountain side, for a depth of about two miles, by the width of one or more, which had been covered by many feet of snow, was now bare rock. Piled up against the face of our hill, almost to its summit, was a tongue of snow, pressed to the consistency of ice and spotted over with boulders that had lodged there. The peak itself was torn and shattered, so that it revealed great gleaming surfaces of rock, in which glittered mica, or some other metal. The vast gulf behind was half filled with the avalanche and its debris.

But for the rest, it seemed as though nothing had happened, for the sun shone sweetly overhead and the solemn snows reflected back its rays from the sides of a hundred hills. And we had endured it all and were still alive! Yes, and unharmed.

But what a position was ours! We dared not attempt to descend the loose snow and sink into the face of the avalanche boulders from time to time still thundered down the rocky slope, and with them came patches of snow that had been left behind by the big slide, small in themselves, it is true, but each of them large enough to kill a hundred men. It was obvious, therefore, that until these conditions changed or death released us we must abide where we were in the crest of the hill-look.

So there we sat, foodless and frightened, wondering what our old friend Koolah would say if he could see us now. By degrees hunger mastered all our other sensations and we began to turn longing eyes upon the headless body of the yak.

"Let's skin him," said Leo; "it will be something to do, and we shall want his hide to-night."
As we sat, and even reverence, as we performed this office for the dead



ing the while that it was not we who had brought him to his end. Even that day came to an end at last, and after a few more lumps of yak, our tent being gone, we drew his hide over us and rested as best we could, knowing that at least we had no more, a chance to fear. That night it snowed sharply, so that had it not been for the yak's hide and the other rug and warmen, which fortunately we were wearing when the snow slide began, it would, I think, have gone hard with us. As it was, we suffered a great deal.

"How long was I in there?" I gasped.
die. I would rather do so moving; but don't believe that we shall die."
"Very well," I said. "Let us sleep, if the snow won't bear us now, it never will."
So we tied up our eyes and the yak's

hide in two bundles and, having cut off some more of the frozen meat, began our descent.
All went well until we were within twenty paces of the bottom, when we must cross a soft mound formed of the powdery dust thrown off by the avalanche in its passage. Leo slipped over safely, but I, following a yard or two to his right, of a sudden felt the hard crust yield beneath me. An ill-ludged, but quite natural flounder and wriggle, such as a newly landed flat-fish gives upon the sand, completed the mischief, and with one piercing and swiftly stifled yell I vanished.

Any one who has ever sunk in deep water will know that the sensation is not pleasant, but I can assure him that to go through the same experience in soft snow is infinitely worse: mud alone could surpass its terrors. Down I went and down, till at length I seemed to reach a rock, which alone saved me from disappearing forever. Now I felt the snow closing above me and with it came darkness and a sense of suffocation.

So soft was the drift, however, that before I was overcome I contrived with my arms, to thrust away the powdery dust from about my head, thus forming a little hollow into which air filtered slowly. Getting my hands upon the stone, I strove to rise, but could not, the weight upon me was too great.

Then I abandoned hope and prepared to die. The process proved not altogether unpleasant. I did not see visions from my past life as drowning men are supposed to do, but—and this shows how strong was her empire over me—my mind flew back to Ayesha. I seemed to behold her and a man at her side, standing over me in some dark, rocky gulf. She was wrapped in a long travelling cloak, and her lovely eyes were wild with fear. I rose to salute her and make report, but she cried in a fierce, concentrated voice: "What evil thing has happened here? She lives! She lives! She lives!"

Speak, man, and say where thou hast hid my lord—or die!"

The vision was extraordinarily real and vivid, I remember, and, considered in connection with certain subsequent events, in all ways most remarkable, but it passed as swiftly as it came.

Then my senses left me. I saw light again. I heard a voice, that of Leo.
"Horace," he cried, "Horace, hold fast to the stock of the gun."
Something was thrust against my outstretched hand. I gripped it despairingly, and there came a strain. It was useless; I did not move. Then, by chance or the mercy of Heaven, I knew not which, but my feet against a ridge of the rock on which I was lying. Again I felt the strain and thrust with all my might. Of a sudden the snow gave, and out of that hole I shot like a fox from its earth.

I struck something. It was Leo straining at the gun, and I knocked him backward. Then down the steep slope we rolled, landing at length upon the very edge of the precipice. I sat up, drawing in the air with great gasps, and oh! how sweet it was!

"How long was I in there?" I gasped to Leo, who sat at my side wiping off the sweat that ran from his face in streams.

"Don't know. About twenty minutes, I should think."
"Twenty minutes! It seemed like twenty centuries. How did you get me out? You could not stand upon the drift dust."

"No! I lay upon the yak skin where the snow was harder and tunnelled toward you beneath the powdery stuff with my hands. For I knew where you had sunk, and it was not far off. At last I saw your finger tip; they were so blue that for a few seconds I took them for rock and thrust the butt of the rifle against them. Luckily you still had life enough to catch hold of it, and you know the rest. Were we not both very strong it could never have been done."

"Thank you, old fellow," I said simply.
"Why should you thank me?" he asked with one of his quick smiles. "Do you suppose that I wished to continue this journey alone? Come, if you have not your breath, let us be getting on. You have been sleeping in a cold bed and want exercise. Look, my rifle is broken and yours is lost in the snow. Well, it will save us the trouble of carrying the cartridges, and an unbroken one."